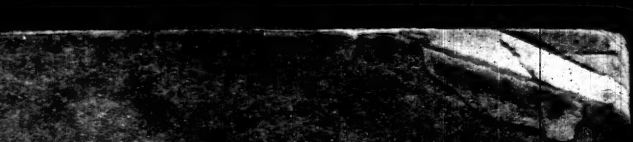

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Canada Presbyterian Church

Toronto:
JAMES CAMPBELL.

1862.

NOTE.

This little volume has been prepared in the hope [illegible] frequently expressed by Presbyterian Sabbath School Teachers, for a small collection of hymns, supplementary to the Psalms and Paraphrases now in use in our schools. It has been sought, as far as possible, to include only such hymns as are generally known, and as to the merits of which the members of our Church generally are agreed. It has been issued in a form easily accessible, and it is hoped that it may be found suited for the purpose for which it is intended.

BR
245.21
H92

HYMNS.

OPENING HYMNS.

1.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth;
All thy works around Thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heav'n's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell the hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2.

AGAIN we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word,
To ask thy promised grace;
To thank thee for the gifts we share
The children of thy love and care.

Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part;
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.

Through this and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread,
Nor let our feet astray,
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road—
The way to glory and to God.

3.

LORD, again we bow before thee,
Spared to see another day;
Help us, humbly we implore thee,
Worthily to praise and pray.
Worldly cares and thoughts dispelling,
In our hearts thy Spirit dwelling,
Teach us rightly to adore thee,
Learn thy will, and keep thy way.

4.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of pray'r
To strengthen faith and sweeten care—
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

5.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
We could run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds in heaven we see.

There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Full, unmixed, for evermore!

HYMNS.

6.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean;
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation—
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

7.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heav'nly hallelujahs raise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
'Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

'Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

'Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heav'n and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hasten mortals to adore Him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most high!'

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it covers all the earth.

8.

HARK! the herald angels sing,—
'Glory to the new-born King!—
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!'

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Lowly lays his glory by;
Born for men, for men to die.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light, and life, and joy He brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Let us then with angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!—
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!

9.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king;

Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

10.

Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
'Ere the hand of Justice falls!
Trust in Jesus—
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

Haste, O Sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over—
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus—
You must perish if you stay.

11.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beam of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

12.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply—

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be—
For me a blood-bought free reward—
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
As formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

13.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Guilty, plead thy righteousness,
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

14.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find.
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down.
Now, to be thine, yea, Thine alone,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

15.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I bring my wants to Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus—
The Father's holy child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

16.

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

With celestial fervour glowing,
Let me sing like those above;
While my heart with joy o'erflowing,
Dwells on God's unchanging love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come—
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

17.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer!
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

18.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

When He liv'd on earth abased,
'Friend of sinners' was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

19.

Ours is kind above all others,
O, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O, how he loves!
Early friends may pain and grieve thee,
One day kind, the next day leave thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,
O, how he loves!

Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,—O, &c.
Give thyself entirely to him,—O, &c.
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves!

He's thy friend! He died to save thee,—O, &c.
All through life he will not leave thee,—O, &c.
Think no more of friendships hollow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves!

All thy sins shall be forgiven,—O, &c.
Backward all thy foes be driven,—O, &c.
Every blessing he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves!

20.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the Fall;

If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of glory
Sweetly echo to his name;
Hallelujah!
Heav'n and earth his praise proclaim.

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

21.

Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take his easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

Blessed are the eyes that see him,
Bless'd the ears that hear his voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice:
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,—
Light to newly open'd eyes,—
Flowing springs in deserts dreary;—
Is the rest the Cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

But to sing the Rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it,
Hope expects it,
Love desires it,
But it overwhelms them all.

22.

Sinners, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.

He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all his bursting veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround!

These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

23.

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near!
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;

Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor joys I leave
To them who know not thee.

24.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By war without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place!
That sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

Oh wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

"Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I trust, I will,
I can, I do believe.

25.

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now!
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim,—
Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own his title, praise his name;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

26.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing;
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Belov'd, obey'd, revered;
For He shall judge the poor.
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth;
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring, in his path, to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;

And Righteousness, in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

27.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day:
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him, free from fear;
Hallelujah!
Shouts of welcome greet his car!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known;
O come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

28.

Come, children, join to sing,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our king,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Halleluiah! Amen!

Come lift your hearts on high,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Halleluiah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Halleluiah! Amen!

Praise yet the Lord again,
Halleluiah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Halleluiah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Halleluiah! Amen!

29.

To THEE, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings!

My voice in supplication,
Well pleased Thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

By grace divine supported,
Along life's weary road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode,—

I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the wondrous story
Of thy redeeming love.

30.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims thro' this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open, Lord, the sacred fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;

Let the cloud and fiery pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

Then lead on almighty Victor,
Scatter ev'ry hostile band;
Be our Guide and our Protector
Till on Zion's mount we stand.
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

31.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear us, children, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us do thy will,
Early let us do thy will,
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

32.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home.
Thy Father calls for thee,
No longer now an exile roam
In sin and misery:
Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Oh, then, for refuge flee:
Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There is no pardon in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

33.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
For I shall surely stand
Then at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

34.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;

Why will ye doubting stand?—
  Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee!
  Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
  Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
  We reign for aye.

35.

Is the Christian's home in glory,
  There remains a land of rest;
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet field of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
  Which eternally shall stand;

My stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
On the other side of Jordan, &c.

Pain or sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
On the other side of Jordan, &c.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn—
Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the happy morn.
On the other side of Jordan, &c.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as ye go!
Zion's gates shall open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.
On the other side of Jordan, &c.

36.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

37.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though th' embattled legions
  Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
  Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
  Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
  Thy empire shall increase.

Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
  O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
  Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
  The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
  The song responsive raise.

38.

Hark! what mean those lamentations
  Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
  "Come and help us, or we die!"
Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
  Christians hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
  Join to help them ere they die.

39.

Welcome sacred day of rest,
  Sweet repose from worldly care,
Day above all days the best,
  When our souls for heaven prepare.

Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell;
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day;
When we hear thy holy word,
When we sing thy praise and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford.

But a sweeter rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
Endless joys, and endless praise!

40.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

41.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to Heav'n's Eternal King.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

Lord! my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

42.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave, as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

43.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.

44.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah! Amen!

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Sounded through thy wide dominion,
Be thy just and lawful praise.—*Hal.*

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd be?
Flee my soul such guilty silence,
Sing—the Lord who died for thee.—*Hal.*

45.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude and wild;

Oh! put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God,
Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of thee.

A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within thy sacred light;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallow'd ground.

Oh! Jesus, take me to thy breast,
And bless me; then I shall be blest.
Both when I wake and when I sleep
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

46.

Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee,
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
Oh! how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgiven,
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

47.

Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

48.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done,
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,
Trod himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children follow me!"
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow thee.

Soon we part—it may be never—
Never here to meet again;
Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh the crown of life to gain!

49.

Jesus, Shepherd kind and good,
Thou for me hast shed thy blood;
Though a little child I am,
In thy flock is many a lamb;
Make me one, and let me be,
Ever glad to follow thee.

My weak footsteps gently lead,
Where thy happy flock doth feed,
In thy bosom let me lie,
All my daily wants supply;
Now and ever let me be,
Willing, Lord, to follow thee.

DISMISSIONS.

50.

Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence,
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;

In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see.
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

Praise and blessing, power and glory,
We will render, Lord, to thee;
For the news of thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship thee.

51.

Lord, let mercy now attend us,
As we leave thy holy place;
And from evil still defend us,
While we run our heav'nward race.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Till in bliss we see thy face.

52.

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our Salvation!
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

53.

We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And hopes of bliss above.
He sent his son—his only Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Eternal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe.
But now he lives—and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal praise we give;
Whose new creating power
Can make the sinner live.

His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joys divine.

Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three!
The uncreated One!
Thee we adore, eternal Lord.
And rest our faith upon thy Word.

54.

Glory to God on high!
Let earth and heaven reply,
Praise ye his name.
Angels, his name adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
Saints, sing for evermore
Worthy the Lamb!

Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

Join all the ransom'd race.
Our God and Saviour bless,
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
Shouting, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

Soon must we change our place;
Yet we will never cease
Praising his name.
Still will we tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing
Worthy the Lamb.

55.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

56.

God of our salvation hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour keep us,—
Keep us safe from every foe.

Let us live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;

Save us from unhallowed leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking
Each in his appointed place.

As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come.
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

In the day of thine appearing,
When the trump of God shall sound,
May we hear it, nothing fearing,
Though all nature sinks around:
By our Saviour,
Raised, and then with glory crowned.

57.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May thy presence
With us evermore be found

So whene'er the signal's given,
Save us in that dreadful day;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

DOXOLOGIES.

1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore!
Be Glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore!

2.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore!
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore!

3.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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